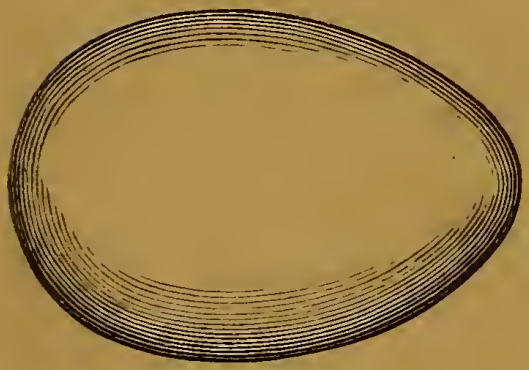
PS
2565
.P4

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
PS2565
Chap. 3 Copyright No.
Shelf .P4
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Where lives the seer can show us why
One egg is plain, the other pye?
And wherefore various colors play
In blue or yellow, black or gray?



The outside mark upon the shell
Will, kind, foreshadow; future tell!
But, Who enlinks the quickening bond
With Genus-chain to bird beyond?

Respectfully,

To _____

From _____

The atheist should ponder more
These hieroglyphic plumes of lore!
Right here, with guilty tremor pause
And droop in prayer! to Primal Cause.

THE CREATOR

OF

FEATHER AND FOOL

BY

JOSAMPHILO:

A tiny feather blown by chance
I nimbly caught, for true advance
Before the fool; to clearly show
How little of such things we know.

(AUTHOR OF OTHER STANDARD WORKS)

DEDICATES THIS, TO HIS DAUGHTER.

From the copyright-holder or booksellers. Price 50 cts.

1884.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT.
MAY 3 1884
865 / Q
CITY OF WASHINGTON.

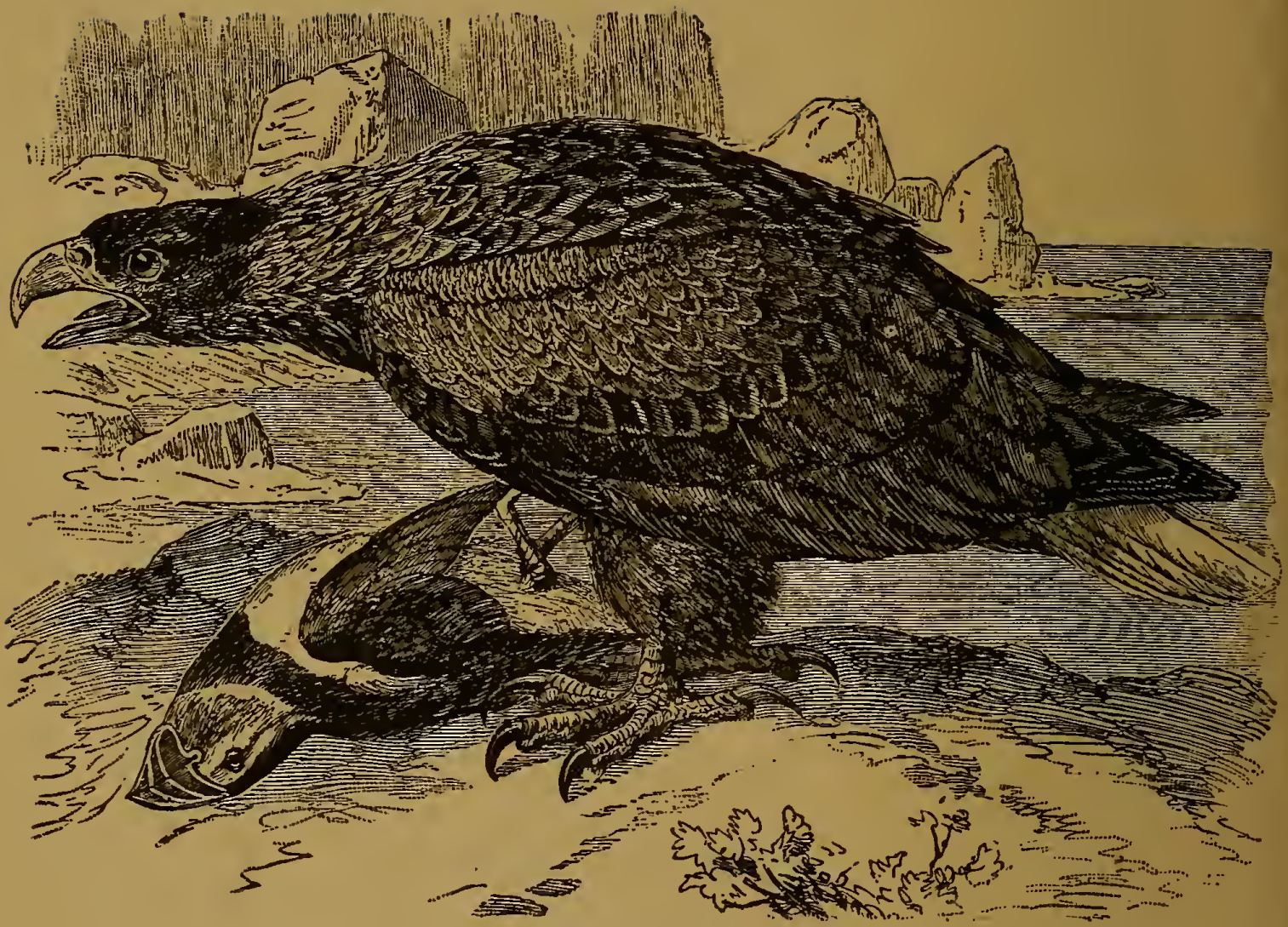
PS2565
F4

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1881,
By J. S. PHILLIPS, 25 State Street, New York,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

The Creator of Feather and Fool.

"There is no God!" the fool will cry!
And "All is over when we die!"
Creation wonders, came by chance!
Composing, rolling forth, askance!

His given-life—a reckless dream
Beyond desire to gain esteem
From God or man—he takes delight
In dubious whispers, youth to blight.



EAGLE AND VICTIM.

Besotted with profanity
He reels on brink of infamy!
Dissatisfied! without renown!
Alluring giddy mortals down.

But wise men find that every thing
Almighty confirmations bring!
Mid present awe and reverence
Some previous Omnipotence!

THE CONDOR.

The largest star or smallest form,
The lightest germ upon the storm,
An atom in the general plan,
Unfolds a proof of God ! to man.

A tiny feather blown by chance
I nimbly caught, for right advance
Before the fool ; to clearly show
How little, of such things, we know.

PEACOCK, WITH PESTLE AND MORTAR.

"This feather came from peacock's crest,"
He did, with pride, the fact attest!
"We have the bird! at early dawn
His sparkles gleam across the lawn."

He does not think of vital laws
Provided for effect from cause!
Wherein the brightest minds but spark
Degrees of knowledge in the dark.

OSTRICH AND SKY-LARK.

The blood is one, our doctors trow,
Of whitest dove or blackest crow ;
But features, eggs, and habits change
Throughout creation's feath'ry range.

As joyfully the plumage swells
In sun's bright rays, each feather tells
The Master's omnipresent mark !
From ostrich up to soaring lark.

GOLD FINCHES, AND NEST WITH EGGS.

The very part whereon it grew
Was made expressly feather-true
For place! that graphic signs denote
The bird and sex! The God who wrote.

All these appear, but nothing more!
Organic modes we must adore
In ignorance! no mundane man
Will ever know the Builder's plan.

THE SILVER PHEASANT.

From egg to kindred-quill and spot
Almighty pen, alone, can dot!
By living fluid brightly mark
Each color of the rainbow's arc!

Through many branches force the blood
From heart to plume, preunderstood!
And paint symbolic form and hue
Of ev'ry several one, quite true!

THE DOUBLE-SPURRED PEACOCK PHEASANT, OF ASSAM.

To cause this circulating pool,
Without a compass, scale, or rule,
To drop each pigment, as it flows,
In single rings, from many boughs!

And regulate the brushes flow
That neither branch may errors show!
Precision curves, in lucid trim!
For several times on ev'ry limb!

CHINESE PHEASANTS.

One dye or more! just now and then!
And oft, the very same, again!
Commingled violet green and blue's
Resplendent iridescent hues!

E'en rings in rings, of various tints
Or other forms that Genus prints!
The one red ink, a thousand ways
Our Mighty Ruler's law obeys!

THRUSH AND BUTTERFLY.

Still millions more, of rich attire
In Nature's field, we may admire!
As each peculiar living thing,
Will novelty and pleasure bring.

The gay and gorgeous butterfly
With Albion's birds of song can vie!
While vulture and the crocodile
Are lurking on the banks of Nile.

HUMMING BIRD, MOTH AND TROUT.

The meek wee-daisy on the lea,
Near rhododendron's blooming tree;
Where humming birds regale in flowers
As condor o'er the mountain towers.

In brook, the trout; at sea, the whale
And vaulting porpoise brave the gale!
When flying fish, dry-pinions, lave
In pluming crest of storm bred wave.

WHERE THE HURRICANE MEETS THE GALE.

From petrel's wing to albatross
His pencil never lines across!
Exact in all, for near and far!
Here all are well; there none will jar.

Just so, each fervid life was made
For right accordant way! to wade
Or swim and dive! to run or lie!
To jump or burrow! creep or fly!

THE VAMPIRE BAT.

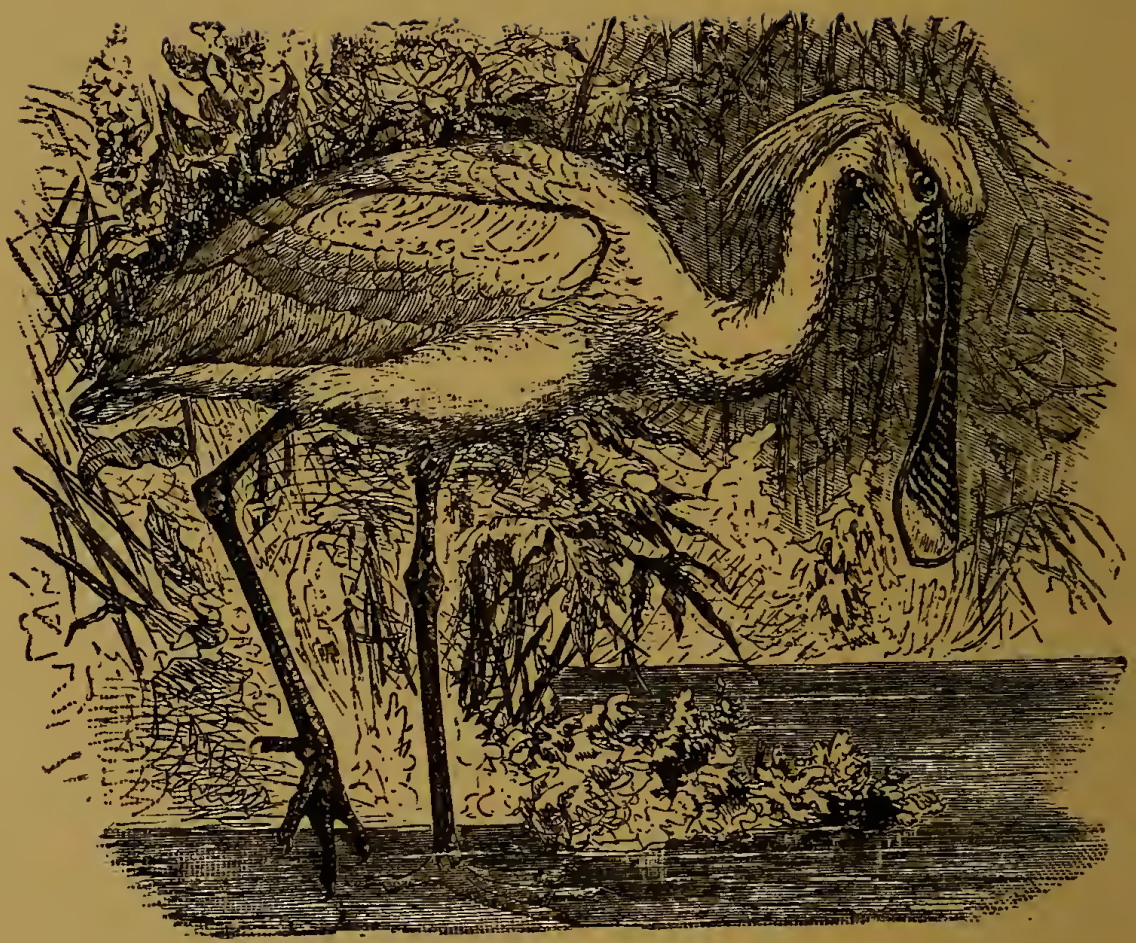
In countless types and modes of life
Opposed to evolution's strife!
As then, they still repeat, to-day!
Oh list! the fossils tell us, yea!

Behold our petrified display!
Though some, prime kinds, have sunk away,
Transition casts are never found
In Nature's rocky-record ground!

THE GREAT HERON.

They say that changes would be slow!
And therefore, many more would show
Of "missing links," than real chain!
Withal, the wicked, search in vain

From microscopic insect's claw,
To peerless power of lion's paw!
From where chameleon changes play,
To vast and distant milky-way.



THE SPOONBILL.

When sons of science dare, to tilt
Their points with Him, and daub the gilt;
Though allegations made are wrong
They sadly retrovert the throng

The effect—or first-fine-line of A
Is all we know—the cause— or J
Jehovah's Alphabet—still lies
Eternally beyond, our eyes.

THE LYRE BIRDS.

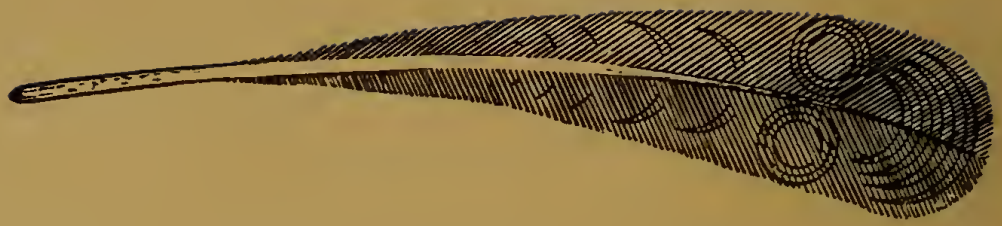
The special ornament and mould
Of animated things, unfold
To us; still greater mystery
Than problems in astronomy.

The atheist should ponder more
These hieroglyphic plumes of lore
Right here, with guilty tremor pause
And droop in prayer! to Primal Cause.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE

Those Heavenly orbs are bright and grand!
Their works we dimly understand!
But far more beautiful are these!
They were expressly made to please!

To kindly puzzle proud mankind
With subtleties beyond the mind!
To strike with supernatural rod!
And warn the fool, there is a God.



COCOON, CATTERPILLAR AND MOTH.

DEATH'S HEAD MOTH.

And still the skeptics live! who quiz
His wondrous works! as enemies:
So puny scribe of earth is shorn
At eve, for pirates' morrow morn!

The service past no more avails,
Mankind's ingratitude prevails;
The true-blue's bark is castaway
And clowns despoil his yesterday.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 165 525 9